

The cap flew into the air, a trail of faint sparkles behind it, and landed on the couch. Mario's body dissolved into particles and flew into the cap. Machine and man became one as the plumber's features sprouted atop the leather cushioning; mustache and wide, blue eyes.

Just as he suspected, the power to capture still remained inside him. Probably from overexposure to Cappy's power, the hat's abilities had transferred to him. The process was still far from effortless now that his companion wasn't with him—him being the one that did most of the grunt work.

Still, having such power at the tip of one's fingers was a *joyous* power trip. He was more than ready to give it up with Cappy going back home, but now that he had it for himself, Mario could push the limits of what this power could do.

Sure, he could start small and test harmless inanimate objects. It would be *responsible*... but boring, and most importantly, *inefficient*. Without fail, as soon as he relaxed, Bowser would already be knocking on the castle's door ready to take Peach again.

If he wanted solutions, he needed to be *quick*.

Perhaps it was time to turn the aggressiveness up. Not out of war—the toads would get turned into chunky, vegetable paste if they were to try to engage the Koopa army. Instead, he needed to weaken them... and the best way he could think of was to do so from the *inside*.

"I just need to grab a Koopa Troopa and I'll be set to go..."

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Closing and stretching his hands, Mario couldn't believe how... frail his new body was. He picked him out of the bunch of patrol koopas simply for his bushy beard and spiky helmet; the *perfect* way to hide his mustache and cap.

Now walking in line with hundreds if not thousands of soldiers both in front of and behind him, he climbed up through the bridge leading up to Bowser's castle. Hot, sizzling magma below roared loudly as geysers of the boiling, molten liquid erupted—just barely missing the structure.

*How many troops has he torched this way?!*

Filled with hope, he moved unscathed past the castle gate. The relief was short-lived, though—a fit of screaming and crackling fired behind was heard just as soon as the massive wooden door behind him was slammed shut by a sledge bro.

*...A lot, then.*

"YOU! SOLDIER!"

A Koopa clad in uniform screamed—saliva falling right on Mario’s face. The plumber closed his eyes and silently wiped it away. Disgust and lack of respect were preferable to suspicion, so he’d have to bear everything that they threw at him.

“W-what is it, sir—”

“KITCHEN DUTY!”

“...I...” He bit his lip, fingers twitching. “...What *about* kitchen duty?”

“YOU’RE LATE, KOOSHA! NOW GET YOUR OLD BUTT INTO THE KITCHEN OR I’M MAKING YOU RUN 50 LAPS AROUND THE CASTLE!”

“O-okay, sir!” Mario squealed, arms pressed against his sides. “Will be going immediately, sir!”

“THAT’S WHAT I WANTED TO HEAR! NOW! OFF! YOU! GO!”

To his right was a comically oversized arrow-shaped wooden structure that spelled out... ‘*kitchne*’. He wasn’t surprised in the slightest—a fact as morbid as if it was funny.

Pushing past the running soldiers, Mario stumbled his way into the kitchen. It was as large as it was filthy. One step in and he already found his boots stained with *something* sticky that he didn’t intend to identify for his own peace of mind. There were at least a hundred Koopas inside—all overworked as they cooked up a storm.

*Alright. Now’s time for the plan.*

It didn’t take him long to spot the Koopa leading the entire operation. Wearing a chef hat tall enough for the dangling bulbs to bump into it, he commanded an elite group of koopas dressed in equally opulent uniforms. Around them—in contrast to the slop being made in masse—were polished, clean cutlery and cooking equipment preparing a fine meal.

*That must be for Bowser...*

Gently tilting his helmet and holding the brim of the cap underneath, he maneuvered just behind the chef. His eyes darted left and right—on the lookout for prying enemy eyes that would tell on his facade. With his heartbeat ringing across his ears like a deafening pulse, Mario lifted the chef hat’s brim and threw his cap underneath.

He knew he had succeeded when the sudden jolt of adrenaline passed through his body. His body convulsed like thousands of volts were passing through his system—the shock carried through his essence when it dissolved out of his current body and onto the next one. Despite the instant change, the electric pulse lingered for what felt like forever.

*Did it always take this long!?*

“Monssieur Choopa Troofa, are you okay?”

White uniform—cologne so strong that it overtook the aroma of dozen of freshly made meals—wrinkly fingers; he was definitely in the chef's body.

The old soldier that he used to get here stood in the middle of the kitchen—confused and mumbling to himself, he was mercilessly pushed around by the rushing cooks who refused to answer any of his questions.

*Now I just feel bad...* Still, it wasn't the time to be weighed down by sentimentalities.

"Yes, yes. I'm okay..." Mario explained. "Now! I'm, hm... appalled!"

"Appalled? But sir, we followed the recipe you just gave us!" One of the koopas whined.

"What did we do wrong this time?! Please, you have to tell us!"

"That very same thing! You didn't use your creativity or individuality! The lot of you are the embodiment of mediocrity!" The biting words came easier to him than he expected—probably thanks to his new body. Mario couldn't help but shudder internally at how terribly the chef would treat his clearly starved-for-approval underlings. "A true professional can experiment and succeed! Let me show you how it's done..."

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Across his chamber, the only sounds present were his clawed fingers tapping against his throne and his nostrils huffing out fiery smoke. Ever since his failed wedding, the king of the Koopas had found himself growing more irritable by the day.

The constant failures of his soldiers had grown from a simple nuisance to migraine-inducing. The only way to quash his fury was to linger inside his throne room when he wasn't needed on the frontlines—away from any irritators that could set his anger off.

"Mmgh, when are those fools coming with my meal?" Even the uproar of soldiers inside the dining hall that once made him so proud was now something that left him with nothing to show but excruciating headaches. "I feel like I'm starving..." So in turn, he was to lay inside his throne room and have everything delivered to him by his special cooks—he would never even consider eating the slop that the other koopas had for lunch.

He was king, after all. He deserved a meal fit for one.

*I can't believe that I've fallen so low. I just need something to take my mind off how Peach is probably in her castle... doing better... preparing wonderful food—*

"YOUR HIGHNESS!"

Bowser jolted up straight as a horde of screaming koopas barged into the throne room with a massive catering cart in toe. The plates underneath bounced with the driver's reckless pushing as he and his cohorts circled the Koopa king—ready to serve.

"YOUR DELICIOUSLY TASTY FOOD, SIR!" The cart Koopa screamed—sweat covering his scales and voice breaking with every word. "ENJOY, SIR! WE HOPE THAT YOU—"

“Give me the freaking food already!”

“YES SIR!”

All of them scurried back into the castle depths with the lid in hand and fear in struck into their chest.

Now alone, Bowser could marvel at what the cooks had prepared for him; a peach and chocolate three-layer cake.

Between each cake portion were copious chocolate frosting, peaches, and broken cookies—a disgustingly sweet sandwich. Atop the three segments was thick melted chocolate adorning a crown made of peaches. In the middle of it, a single chocolate ball filled with whipped cream.

“Mhm, they made my favorite...”

The princess’ cake was still far more divine in its flavor, but Bowser could do with an imitation—although he usually ended with a *dozen* by the end of the week. He was ready to eat his sorrows away in a display of quantity over quality.

His waistline? For all he cared, it could be damned in exchange for sugar rushes powerful enough to clear his head of turmoil. The excess fat would all be burnt away by his next invasion anyways—worrying was just an exercise in anxiety and time-wasting in his eyes.

With a fork in hand, Bowser dug in. The best part of eating away from the rest of the army was that manners were freed to be discarded. Eating slice by slice was just *too* slow for him. His stomach longed for food with ravenous hunger, and that bled into his brutish way of eating. Chunks of cake were skewered through the fork—crumbs, icing, and filling splattering across the blood-red carpet.

“Mpmh, mpmmh!” The chewing lasted mere *seconds*. Just one bite was enough to fully awaken his craving. Now in full force, Bowser was an unstoppable eating leviathan. “Mgwoah, the chefs are *finally* getting close to Peach’s recipe. This is actually good...”

If the cakes he’d been eating were sweet, this one was downright tooth-rotting. Just one bite was enough to get him salivating for the small moments when he wasn’t chewing or gulping down. The sounds of his sloppy eating joined the almost silent cacophony of the room. Most would’ve been mortified to be so overtly reminded of their gluttony, but Bowser was past such frivolous problems. All he cared about was *gusto*.

He licked his fingers clean off crumbs. “Mgmh, I’m so... HUNGRY!” Bowser roared out.

With how fast he was piling up the food in his stomach, only now did the sensation of not being anywhere near full dawn on him. Usually—even on the most restless days when he’d be eating away his heartbreak—the tightness around his stomach would not take long to arrive. Yet *now* with a cake that’s two-thirds of the way inside his belly, Bowser couldn’t seem to find any sign of discomfort.

“Maybe I am eating too much...” Yet the thought refused to linger in his mind. Shaking his head—as if he was trying to get the thought itself out through sheer brute force—Bowser flared up his nostrils and pouted. “Not at all! What am I saying... I-I’m perfectly fine eating like this! Only a coward would limit himself!”

Throwing himself at the cake as if it was a deadly foe, Bowser took a massive bite out of the dessert. His face was smothered against the pile of icing as he ate out of the plate—like livestock eating out of a trough.

“Mmgh, why is this cake so delicious? It’s just... nonsensical...”

Smashing his fist against the throne, the mechanism underneath started up. An alarm blared through the castle, signaling one thing; the king was *hungry*.

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“M-monsieur Choopa Troopa! The king loves us! The king wants more of us!” One of the chefs cheered—voice on the verge of breaking into a cry of joy. “We must continue working on the food at once!”

Mario placed his scaly hand over his mouth. “It’s all thanks to my special recipe...”

“Woah, you’re so smart Monsieur Choopa Troopa!” The chef squealed. “We’ll start working with it immediately!”

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Taken to the mushroom kingdom and freed of Mario’s control, to say that the chef was livid would be an understatement. Curses and declarations of loyalty to the Koopa empire echoed across his cell.

That was the case until he was given ample coins in exchange for his services. In a flash, the expression on his face switched up and backstabbing was on the table.

Now with a *willing* disguise, Mario was free to watch the effects of his machinations on Bowser and his army. With heaps of unnecessary calories added to every meal—even the previously disgusting rations for the soldiers—gluttony began to infest every aspect of their lives; even the ones that were fully aware of their changes.

Plain, traditional Koopas were the ones whose growth was the most obvious. With nothing to hide their widening physiques but a surprisingly flexible shell, the fat that hung off their plush yellow limbs swung through the air side to side, like fat-filled cuts of meats swaying on meat hooks.

The Koopatrols’ helmet hugged the Koopas’ cheeks snugly—their newly formed chins hung underneath the ridges of their head armor—the plating of their metallic shells unable to contain the newly formed girth, flab pushing through the increasingly larger gaps between each metal sheet.

Of course, they looked downright anorexic compared to the mountains of lard that the sledge bros had become. Even before the obesity epidemic hit the army, they were already relegated to just pure muscle for the squadrons solely because they had eaten their way to corpulence.

Now—their guts constantly brushing against the floor on their way to the posts—they could barely walk away from their assigned position. The walk from their quarters to the gate never failed to leave them covered with sweat and heaving to the point of utter exhaustion. Their arms were so loaded with extra fat that their *sole* responsibility took away all their energy. They moaned out in pain for every one of the mechanism's cranks—their wails echoing through the castle walls as reminders of their gluttony.

Yet even with such exemplary icons of decadence waddling around the castle, they paled compared to the man who ruled over them.

Bowser—either in utter ignorance or complete and total denial—continued barreling toward his downward spiral. The cakes that used to fill him up so thoroughly were now meager snacks in the long list of food he piled up every single day.

The cooks—who had suffered a similar fate to their compatriots with their uniforms' buttons barely holding on for life, flab pushing through the gaps—were constantly being run into the ground with the king's incessant requests. By the time they would finish a plate, Bowser would've already requested two more to be brought in. The problem became so unmanageable that the old servers simply didn't have the stamina for the back-and-forth trips between the kitchen and the throne room. Instead, all the travel was done by a group of... *oddly enthusiastic* Boos.

But with so little contact with the king, none of them knew how *fat* Bowser had gotten. There were some clues about the king's size; they could hear that his voice had deepened and from outside the throne room, everyone suffered from the pungent scent of sweat emanating through the iron gates.

Of course, that wasn't enough for Mario. He knew that staying under the radar was key for the plan to go as far as possible, but the temptation of seeing Bowser's girth was too tantalizing to ignore. He had missed the chance to see how much of a pig Bowser could be when he went overboard with food when he and Luigi were stuck inside his growing body.

Now that there was no urgency, Mario could *relish* Bowser's uncontrollable gaining.

After waving back at eager, plump Koopas ready to thank him for the fattening meals, Mario pushed the gates open. Before, Bowser would've incinerated anyone that dared to interrupt him, but something told Mario that the Koopa king would be too busy to bother.

Light poured into the throne room and revealed the slothful king and his buffet-level meal. Bowser was so thoroughly consumed by his gluttony that he didn't even notice Mario waltzing into the room.

“Are you satisfied, Bowser?” Now in full control, the necessity for the facade wasn’t there anymore. “You’ve grown to be quite the pig...”

Bowser had grown to a size so massive that morbid obesity didn’t even get close to accurately describing him. His stomach and chest had ballooned up to a giant, bulbous gut that looked like piles of scale-coated dough slathered on top of each other and a hefty pair of man boobs resting atop that giant belly. Crumbs, grease, and sweat coated every inch of his body—a disgusting embodiment of how deep the king had fallen.

Surrounded by empty plates, Bowser had eviscerated *five* whole courses. The hidden addictive agent working inside him pushed deeper and deeper. Practices like these had evolved into whole turkeys being devoured daily—pitchers filled with fresh, cold orange juice guzzled down in one continuous gulping session—desserts that would be enough to send someone into a calorie-induced coma—and so much more that had been sprinkled with the plumber’s secret spice.

Gnawing on his seventh chicken leg of the day, Bowser ignored the comment as he focused on scraping every single strand of meat off the bone. He was letting out deep, angry grunts as he ate like a wild animal. Some crumbs landed between his second and third chin, the smallest of movements causing the flab hanging off his face to jiggle—including the subtle movement of Bowser breathing through his mouth as he took a rest from chewing.

Circling the gigantic Koopa, Mario was able to see past the array of tables and plates. Almost completely buried were his feet—even *that* part of his body coated with excess fat, resulting in plump, sausage-like digits.

There was *no* escape for Bowser.

“Guess I can make my move now...”

Fiddling with his hat, Mario arched his arm back before chucking his cap at Bowser’s head. With one perfect throw, it landed right on Bowser’s head—the Koopa king still ambivalent about the plumber’s machination.

The jolt of electricity passed through Mario’s body as he was forcefully ejected from the chef’s body. Just like the time on the moon, Mario flew in effortlessly as memories of all their previous skirmishes passed him by.

Then... he opened his eyes. The sluggishness, the stickiness across his body and the fact that the chief cook was passed out cold on the floor made it clear that he had succeeded. He looked down at his body, shocked at how fatter Bowser seemed up close. The king already appeared massive to the naked eye, but seeing the way his flab folded into each layer of lard only deepened Mario’s macabre awe.

“You were already fat before, but now you’re *huge!*” Mario was shocked to hear his words filtered through Bowser’s deep voice. “I can’t believe that you can live like this?! You’re such a slob, and you don’t even care about it...”

He could hear Bowser's conscience faintly humming in the back of his mind. The gluttony had made his previously iron-steel resolve begin to wane, and by now, there was probably no going back.

*I think that it's time to go above and beyond...*

Mario lifted Bowser's fist into the air before slamming the button on the throne room as hard as he could. A microphone emerged from the seat's side and automatically moved near Bowser's mouth—probably because the king had grown so lethargic that he couldn't bend down to grab it.

“BRING ME MORE FOOD! ALL OF IT, NOW!”

A surge of catharsis washed over him after he barked out his ferocious order. The servants already rushing to the door no more than a few seconds after the call certainly propped up his ego more. It was no wonder that Bowser had such an ego if his lackeys were so willing to enable his worst habits.

“LORD BOWSER!” A chef screamed. “HERE IT IS!”

Mario observed the array of plates, but it was *still* not enough. “Call the Boos! I'm *STARVING!* And don't you dare stop cooking either!”

All eight koopas nervously nodded before running out of the room. Just as they stumbled out of the doors, a rush of Boos phased through the gates above them. They were all adjusting their bowties, licking their lips as they *hungered* not for food but for satisfaction; the joy of fattening up their king.

“Lord Bowser, we're ready to serve!” They said through constant giggling. “Let us help!”

Mario couldn't even utter a word before the Boos dove into the array of plates and began circling around Bowser.

*“Thank you, sir!”*

*“Prepare for tastiness, your bigness!”*

*“We must make you grow, Bowser!”*

Then, one finally swooped in with a giant plate of food and shoved all of what was on it in Mario's mouth. The plumber—still getting used to Bowser's instinct-ridden body—couldn't resist chomping down on the large steak. The situation felt oddly familiar to Mario for some reason...

“Mmpmh, mppmhh!”

“Oh? Is something wrong, King Bowser?” One of the Boos teased. “Don't worry! We made sure that your food would be of the best quality! We know that you ended up squirreling out last time, but don't worry! You're going to *love* it this time...”

“Ah... Mhg... Did I?” Mario asked. “W-well, keep going! Your king is very hungry!”

He opened his mouth and eagerly allowed the Boos to continue dumping food inside as if he was a living trash disposal. The food was *heavenly*—enough for Mario to momentarily forget that what Bowser was doing was irreverent and dangerous. He didn't fully know how the addictive agent acted—just that it did so *very* well. Now as the food continued to assault his taste buds, Mario felt his rationale losing the battle over his constantly stimulating gluttony.

As the food piled up inside his stomach, space was bound to run out. Most people would simply be forced to give up and wait for digestion, but with the agent running at full power, Bowser's body began to do something unbelievable. With loud, guttural churning, his body began to *digest* everything at lightning speed. A process that would take hours now was swiftly done in the span of a few seconds. With each meal processed, more and more adipose tissue piled on top of what used to be a formidable, strong figure.

Swallowing with the grace of a snake swallowing its prey in one gulp, the food began coming down and immediately pushing out in the form of fat. The throne—reinforced with steel bars to prevent Bowser from breaking it like he did when he passed the four hundred pounds threshold—let out a haunting creak as a similar fate awaited it.

“Mmgh, mghh...”

The three love handles—their appearance disgustingly similar to slabs of fried beef stacked on top of each other—upped its count by one.

His man boobs sagged downwards more and more. They went from two round, squishy mounds of fat akin to squishy balls to equally flabby as his stomach, drooping piles of fat that ended in erect nipples from the sheer euphoria of eating.

“Mmmgh, mhm...” Mario moaned—the *carnal* feeling of being forced to grow in real time pushing him ever closer to the edge. “Mgh... more...”

From his chest and belly, the widening spread to his limbs. What were already chunky, thick arms and legs morphed into shapeless, bulbous piles of adipose so heavy that they lost almost all movement and functions immediately. Not that he needed them much—sitting in the throne room doing nothing but eating all day long wasn't exactly the *most* physically demanding task, after all.

Wincing, Mario could feel the metal bands around Bowser's arms and forearms compressing the growing lard. They refused to budge or expand against the never-ending growth of his body. The sight of the bands surrounded by two piles of bulk bursting through the openings was almost comical.

They pulsed outwards, beating constantly from the almost magic-like growth. With each throb, his extra lard jiggled from the sudden movement. The rippling, bouncing movement of the flab entranced the Boos while they continued circling the growing mountain of a Koopa.

He grew and grew. It seemed unstoppable—uncontrollable—ever-expansive. He didn't resemble a *person* anymore. He was just a barely conscious pile of fat-filled meat that sought the pleasures of gluttony above everything else.

"Mmgh, mgh... mmmh..." The trance was so strong that it would take something ear-rupturing for him to return to lucidness.

Fortunately for Mario, he got right what he needed soon thereafter. The bands didn't hold out for long. With a deafening **KLANG** they burst open and allowed the stored corpulence to burst out with jiggling that persisted for a hypnotizingly long amount of time.

"Bwagh... Finally..." Mario sighed in relief. Everything that had just happened registered in his brain like a blissful blur not meant for mortal eyes. It felt *ethereal*. "I... I think... I'm full now..."

"Whaaat?"

"Noooo! King Bowser, we're not done yet!"

"You must go from your bigness to your massiveness, your bigness!"

But Mario knew that if he allowed the Boos to feed him once again, he probably wouldn't wake from the food-induced trance any time soon. He had to act *immediately*. He should've thrown the cap away and then made a run for it... but he couldn't. Even while immobile and addicted to food, Mario didn't think that it was *quite* enough.

One final gambit; a grand display of how deep Bowser had fallen.

He didn't technically know *how* big he was. Such a size was simply impossible for his mind to comprehend. Still, he couldn't help but be curious... feeling himself up, he cupped his massive man tits—aghast to see how much they weighed. He straight up *could not* lift up any of his love handles with how heavy they were, and of course, his belly was like a plush that he could sink his finger in to a surprising depth.

It was truly a shocking sight... a sight that deserved to be spread around the servants that looked up to him.

"A-alright... on one condition. Just bring me to the rest of my kingdom... In the courtyard. One last feast."

All three Boos saluted with pride. They dove into the floor and swam underneath the carpets like preying sharks before jumping out underneath Mario and pushing him into the air. Somehow, the three ghosts managed to hold out the titanic mass of Bowser's body.

Of course, they didn't waste their chance to inspect their king's body up close. While failing to suppress their excited giggling, they pushed and prodded. That was the case until they finally stopped thanks to Mario letting out a deep, gruff cough.

"Can we get going already?"

“Yes, sir!”

The Boos rushed to the meeting spot like their very existence depended on it. Mario cringed as his flab jiggled and slapped loudly from the sudden increase in speed.

“S-slow down! Slow down, I’m telling you!”

But the worry was phased out of Mario’s mind as soon as they went past the courtyard gates and he saw... almost everyone standing in front of him with awe written all over their faces.

*“Behold, flesh-bearing maggots! Our wonderful king!”*

The crowd cheered wildly; his cue to leave. With the brim of his cap firmly grasped, Mario whined in pain as he forced the last bit of energy left in Bowser’s body for a powerful throw.

“Let’s... A... GO!”

The cap soared through the air as Mario manifested back into existence. To go from wholly immobile to free-flowing was like learning to walk for the first time again. He excitedly kicked his legs in the air as he jumped past the castle wall.

Reaching the apex of his jump, Mario saw the literal greener grass over the fence. Bracing for the fall, he landed *perfectly*. Even with weeks of more lowkey work, he was glad to see that practice hadn’t failed him.

Of course, the silence didn’t last long as Bowser’s confused, angry roar broke through with ear-piercing volumes.

***“WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?!”***

Mario was about to burst into laughter at his win, but before he could even let out a single chuckle, something interrupted him...

*A stomach growl.*